

Saying Good-bye

by A.Friend410

Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Hurt-Comfort

Language: English

Characters: Hiccup

Status: Completed

Published: 2013-03-07 19:20:57

Updated: 2013-03-07 19:20:57

Packaged: 2016-04-26 14:38:57

Rating: K

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,347

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Hiccup knows how to say Good-bye when his mother leaves on her trips, but what he has to learn is how to say Good-bye forever.

Saying Good-bye

****A/n:** This story ties in with my other one shots: Parenting and Different, but you don't have to read those first to understand what goes on in this story.******

****Saying Goodbye****

Hiccup walked with his mother down to the docks as they both watched the men from the village load up the ships that would attend her on the voyage. The mother knelt down to her eight-year-old son to speak to him alone before stepping aboard. Her hazel eyes met with his emerald shade of green as she spoke, "Now Hiccup when I'm gone."

He cut her off, "I know take care of dad and try not to destroy anything on the island."

She nodded, "Correct he's starting to use ice blocks to calm his headaches because of you." She joked knowing it was a ridiculous how he handled the migraines, but if it worked she would not complain. He laughed and she held onto his shoulder and before she left to walk on the ship, she paused in her words trying to find the best way of saying what she wanted, "Hiccup."

"I know mom," he said in a grown up tone taking her back some, yet she just nodded and smiled happy that her child was so smart.

Val stopped in front of her husband to say good-bye, "Stoick look after him."

"You know I will Val, I always do."

She nodded knowing it was true, but also knew how he always went about that. They both knew full well their son was not like the others in their tribe and while Stoick tried to force his son to be one, she tried her best to applaud his difference any chance she had with him. Thinking of how her husband took care of their child though she had to tell him, "Thank you."

He did not understand her meaning though, "you know I couldn't stop you from going if I tried."

"Not what I meant Stoick," she shook her head and walked on board preparing to set sail on another adventure. When she looked back on her son standing just above the docks her breath hitched. His normal playful green eyes that looked upon her with admiration were slowly fading to turn into a dull emotionless stare and she wonder when this had started to happen. She gave him a small smile towards him as the ship started to sail into the rising sun.

Hiccup was in the Smith shop when he heard the news of his mother's ship returning and in his haste to go see her he broke one of Gobber's rules, never leave the fire unattended. Luckily for the lad that his teacher had just come back to stop his shop from burning down. That did not matter to the scrawny boy at the moment as he raced down to the docks to greet his mother, who had been gone longer than expected this time. He weaseled his small frame past the larger Vikings and as he was coming to the edge of the endless sea of people, his heart seemed to stop. There tied to the docks was his mother's boat mangled, charred, and pieces missing as some men came off with bandages wrapped around their wounds. He watched as they all helped each other off the barely floating boat and walk back on to their home shore.

Although Hiccup watched each man come off there was one specific person he was waiting to see, but they never came off. Instead, Hiccup watched one of the men who were less injured than the others walked towards his father carrying a sword that was charred and had a few nicks in the metal and no matter how badly the sword was damaged he knew who the owner of that sword. He marched over to them angrily and yelled, "Why do you have my mother's sword!"

"Hiccup!" Stoick yelled at the boy with some hurt in his voice, "Hold your tongue."

"It's okay Stoick," the man said kneeling down to his level to speak to him. The boy glared sternly at the Viking until he pulled something out of his coat and handed it to the young boy, "your mother wanted you to have this, she was a very brave warrior and if it wasn't for her we would have never made it back."

His green eyes widen as he began to brush the charred off his new treasure only to be holding a brass figurine of a ten point buck standing tall and proud on his wooden petal stool. As he stared at the deer, the man's words seem to registered in his head and he quietly whispered, "she's not on the boat is she?"

Everyone looked Hiccup over with sad eyes as the man shook his head and the chief went to put a hand on his son's small shoulders, "Son."

"She's dead isn't she?" the boy said in an emotionless tone taking everyone by surprise. A small child should never sound like that.

"Yes boy she is, she died while protecting her men from a dragon raid."

He nodded understanding. His mother talked about the terrifying creatures from her adventures and he had caught some of his father's meetings that the devils were coming closer to their home. Somehow though none of their words or reasoning were not any type of comfort for him and all that raced through his mind was that his mother was gone and all because of a cold hearted reptile. When he stared up at all the people giving him a sad look, he lost it. He pushed them all away as he ran to the beach where they use to hang out ignoring anyone calling out to him.

Hiccup fell to his knees in the sand crying his eyes out screaming anything that made sense to him. As one hand scratched the sand, he realized his left hand was gripping the brass figurine. When he looked down at the deer all he saw was the carved eyes staring back at him with a glint of the same sadness everyone was giving to him. Gripping the statue till his knuckles turned white he ran up to the water wanting to chuck the thing into the raging waves, but as soon as his boots touched the sea all his movements stopped. Out in the distance he saw what he believed to be was a bird until he heard the loud roar that echo off the sea walls, that's when he realized he was starring are a dragon. Whether it was a dragon that was in the raid or just a straggler his eyes narrowed at it and he brought the brass buck close to his chest. He made a small vow, "I will be a great Viking that you wanted me to be mom. I'll even find a way to kill dragons just like you did, to prove so."

Later that night Hiccup stood next to his father as they sent a long boat out to sea that was filled with flowers and some of her personal belongings. When it was far enough the son watched his father give a stern nod to set loose an arrow that would set it on fire. The small family watched the flames grow on the boat and in the distance the young son saw the same shadowy figure soar pass the dark smoke. He was about to shout out he saw it, but took noticed that no one seem to be paying attention and so he stayed silent and watched it fly by promising himself that whatever type of dragon was flying over Berk it was the one who would be his first kill in honor of his mother.

A/n: So I wrote this before watching the Breakneck Bog episode from Dragons: Riders of Berk and I also didn't know how young Hiccup was when loosing his mother so I tried to tie in the book and movie versions together. Please review and I hope you enjoyed it.

End
file.